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## LOVERS OF HORACE.

Of all the poets of antiquity, Horace has always been the favourite and chosen companion of men of letters of every kind and rank from his own day to the present time. The reason is not far to seek. It was the attractive personality of Horace, his kindly nature and genial good-fellowship, that made him ever welcome in his own memorable circle of friends in ancient Rome. The friend of Varius and Virgil, of Mæcenas and Augustus, has since, for similar reasons, been, through his writings, the friend of men the most diverse in position and occupation. Horace's love of books and of the country, his abundant lyrical power, the cheerful optimism of the poems, their genial humanity and philosophic content, have all successfully appealed, and will continue to appeal, to each successive generation of lovers of letters.

The admirers of Horace are of every age and of all nations. Dante places him second to Homer; Cowley, who had for Horace, says Dean Sprat, a 'peculiar reverence,' calls him 'the next best poet in the world to Virgil.' French men of letters of the most varying natures—Fénelon, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Boileau, Voltaire—all pay homage to the Roman poet. Boileau endeavoured to imitate his great predecessor by writing satires, epistles, and an *Art of Poetry*. The last work served Pope as a model for his *Essay on Criticism*. Mallet's had his Horace always with him whether at home or in the fields, and called the poet his breviary. Montaigne, a thorough Horatian in taste and nature, is steeped in the writings of the Roman poet. To both Gascon and Latin might be attributed the confession of Mr Hardcastle in Goldsmith's comedy: 'I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.'

The great Condorcet, when hiding during the Reign of Terror, made a copy of Horace his constant companion, until at last the little book helped to seal his doom. In rags and worn out with hunger and fatigue, he left the thickets and

quarries about Paris in which he had been lurking, and entering a tavern in the village of Clamars, asked for breakfast. His appearance at once aroused suspicion, notwithstanding his explanation that he was a 'servant out of place.' He was seized and searched. In his pocket was found a Latin Horace—hardly the usual kind of reading with lackeys out of place. The passage to the prison cell was short, and there, with his Horace open beside him, Condorcet was found dead on the following morning. Horace was a consolation in death to another famous man. When Cornelius de Witt was sentenced to banishment on a false charge of conspiring to procure the death of the Prince of Orange, his greater brother, the famous John de Witt, resolved to accompany him. They were leaving the Hague, when an infuriated mob attacked them and tore them savagely in pieces in the street. In the midst of his agonies, Cornelius repeated one of Horace's Odes—the third of the third book—whose opening words were peculiarly applicable to his most unhappy condition.

Love for Horace has in one or two instances been carried almost to an extreme. A Cambridge-shire gentleman named Underwood, who died in 1773, left a will containing some curiously eccentric directions as to his funeral. The terms of the will were duly observed, and among other unusual features of the ceremony, the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace was sung by six gentlemen during the interment; and the thirty-first ode of the first book was similarly performed at the funeral supper after the ceremony. Inside the coffin were placed, with other books, copies of various editions of the favourite classic. Under the head of the deceased, who was fully dressed, was placed Sanadon's Horace; and at his feet was Bentley's Milton. The right hand held a small Greek Testament, and the left a miniature edition of his beloved Horace, while Bentley's edition of the same poet lay under the back. The famous orientalist, Sir William Jones, always carried a copy of Horace in his pocket, and in his will ordered that it

should be buried with him, which direction was duly carried out.

When Dryden was buried in Westminster Abbey on May 13, 1701, the public funeral was preceded by an interesting ceremony at the College of Physicians, where the poet's body had been embalmed and had lain in state for some days. Dr Garth, the poet of *Dispensary* fame, delivered a Latin funeral oration, and the nobly prophetic ode of Horace, beginning 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' was solemnly sung to music.

The English love for the Roman poet is well seen in the immense variety of translations and imitations which during the last three hundred years have appeared in endless succession, and to which every year adds its quota. The first appearance of Horace in English was a version of the first two satires published by Thomas Colwell in 1565. In the following year Thomas Drant issued his translation of the two books of Satires in somewhat strange conjunction with a metrical version of Jeremiah. Drant added in 1567 a translation of the *Ars Poetica* and the *Epistles*, and in his preface curiously says: 'I can soner translate twelve verses out of the Greek Homer than sixe oute of Horace.' How was it, one may ask, that the worthy man published no translation of any part of Homer, but remained faithful to the less congenial Horace? To name all the many translators who have rendered either detached poems or the entire works of Horace into English would be impossible. Milton translated the *Ode to Pyrrha* and a number of detached sentences containing striking thoughts. Dryden imitated some of the *Odes* and *Satires*, and stimulated Creech to the production of his complete version. Walsh and Otway translated single lyrics; Marvell and Broome were responsible for others. A certain poet named Coxwell translated all the *Odes*, and his renderings, if not very poetical, are at least amusing. He commences the address to *Mæcenas*:

Great sir, that didst from Royal Race descend,  
My safeguard, dear and honoured friend.

A duller versifier was Samuel Dunster, who issued a version of the *Satires* and *Epistles* in 1710, which supplied the satirists of the day with a target for their shafts. Thomas Francklin wrote:

O'er Tibur's swan the Muses wept in vain,  
And mourned their Bard by cruel Dunster slain.

In recent times, the translators have been legion, from Barry Cornwall and Leigh Hunt to Professor Conington, Lord Lytton, and Sir Theodore Martin.

But attachment to Horace among Englishmen has not been confined to the army of translators nor to the writers, such as Cowley and Pope, whose works show plainly the influence of the Roman poet. Horace has been appreciated by students of all ranks and classes. Hooker, the divine, took

refuge with him in the fields beyond the sound of his Xantippe's voice. Chesterfield, the man of the world, said that when he talked his best he quoted Horace. Gibbon says that while serving in the militia, 'in every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand.' Pye, the poet-laureate, who was also a magistrate, was a lover of Horace, although he failed to catch any of his lyrical inspiration. Another magistrate of similar tastes was Mr Kinnaird, who used to form one of the set of acquaintances, including Leigh Hunt, Fuseli, and Bonnycastle, that early in this century were in the habit of meeting at the table of Mr Hunter, the bookseller, in St Paul's Churchyard. Mr Kinnaird, says Leigh Hunt, 'had a body that "had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished." Next to his bottle, he was fond of his Horace; and in the intervals of business at the police-office would enjoy both in his armchair.' An extraordinary classicist was Tillimant Bobart, Bachelor of Arts and stagecoach driver. Bobart took his degree at Oxford; but instead of pursuing the paths of learning, preferred the occupation of driving the Oxford stage, of which he was proprietor. From his seat on the box he would astonish his passengers by his acquaintance with the classics, and, as Leigh Hunt says, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening.

Matthew Prior when a youth was found by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace in his uncle's tavern, the *Rummer*, at Charing Cross. The Earl generously sent him to Cambridge; and the reading of the Roman classic laid the foundation of the fame and prosperity of the future poet and statesman. The liking for Horace did not desert him later in life, as may be seen from his account in *The Secretary* of his mode of spending Saturday evening when acting as Secretary of Embassy at the Hague. A statesman of a later day, Warren Hastings, occupied himself, on his voyage from Bengal to England to face his accusers, by writing imitations of Horace's *Odes*. Public men of our own time, such as Mr Gladstone and the late Lord Derby, have made excellent translations of detached odes.

The late President Garfield showed his love for the Roman poet in another way: he made a very large collection of the different editions of the works of Horace. A Manchester gentleman is said to possess over seven hundred and fifty volumes of editions and translations of Horace, and this is probably the largest collection of the kind in this country. The number of volumes in Garfield's possession we do not know, but the collection was considered to be the most complete in America. A visitor to the President is said to have found him at work surrounded by piles of books, and when asked the nature of his occupation, Garfield replied: 'I find I am overworked, and need recreation. Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it to something quite outside of the

ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems.'

## MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

### CHAPTER XVI.—WE SIGHT A WRECK.

THE wonder and excitement raised in us by the extraordinary fore-castle conspiracy to plunder the ship's mail-room passed away in two or three days. Monotony at sea is heavy and flattening. It passes over the soul as an iron roller over a lawn, and smooths down every asperity of memory into the merest flatness of moods and humours. Hemmeridge showed himself no more. He lay hid in his cabin, where he was fed, by the captain's orders, from the cuddy table; but he refused to leave his berth, swore he would not prescribe so much as a pill though a pestilence should fall upon the whole ship's company, and virtually left us all without the means of obtaining professional advice.

Three days passed away. It was a Monday morning, as very well, indeed, do I remember. I went on deck at about seven o'clock for a bath; and on looking over the fore-castle rail, down away upon the starboard bow I caught sight of something sparkling that might very well have passed for the reflection in the water of a brilliant luminary. The old Scotch carpenter was leaning against the fore-castle capstan smoking a pipe, his weather-hardened face of leather drooping over his folded arms.

'Pray, what is that object shining down there?' said I.

'Well, it puzzled me, sir,' he answered, slowly raising his head, and then leisurely staring in the direction of the appearance: 'it's naething mair nor less than a ship's hull, sir.'

By this time I was able to distinguish a bit clearer, and could trace, amid the delicate haze of silver glory that was hanging all over the sea that way, as it came in gushing and floating folds of magnificence from the sun, that was already many degrees above the horizon, the outline of the hull of a small vessel, the proportions so faint as to be almost illusive.

At breakfast there was some talk about this hull, and Mr Emmett told the captain that he hoped a shot would be sent at her, as who was to know but that another cargo of monkeys might be exorcised out of the fabric.

'I should rather like to visit a wreck,' I heard Miss Temple say across the table to Mr Colledge: 'I mean, of course, an abandoned vessel floating in the middle of the ocean.'

'I protest I would rather die than think of such a thing,' exclaimed her aunt.

'Well, I don't know,' said Colledge; 'it would be something to do and something to talk about.—Did you ever board a wreck, Captain Keeling?'

'No, sir.'

'I would choose a wreck,' continued Miss Temple in her clear, rich, somewhat trembling voice, but with an air that let you know she confined her speech to Mrs Radcliffe and the

young sprig opposite, and old Marline-spike, as I love to call him, 'that had been abandoned for months, indeed for years, if such a thing could be: a hull covered with shells and weed and grass, into which the spirit of the enormous loneliness of the wide ocean had entered, so that you could get to think of her as a creation of the sea itself, as an uninhabited island is or a noble seabird.—Think,' she continued, fixing her large dark eyes upon Colledge with a light, almost sarcastic smile flickering about her lips, as though she was perfectly sensible that her thoughts and language were a trifle taller than that honourable young gentleman's intellectual stature rose to—'think of being utterly alone during a long, breathless, moonlit night on board such a wreck as I am imagining. The stillness! the imaginations which would come shaping out of the shadows!—By putting one's ear to the hatchway, as you sailors call it, Captain Keeling, what should one be able to hear?'

'The noise of water washing about below, ma'am—I don't see what else,' answered the old skipper, stiffening up his figure whilst he adjusted his cravat, and gazing at her with a highly literal countenance over the points of his shirt collars.

She did not seem to hear him; her head had drooped, as though to a sudden engrossing thought, and her gaze rested upon something which her delicate fingers toyed with upon the table.

'What very odd fancies you have, Louise,' exclaimed Mrs Radcliffe with a peck of her face at the girl's handsome profile.

'Rather a good subject for a descriptive article, Johnson,' exclaimed Emmett aside with a drawl.

'Or for a picture,' answered Johnson; 'better on canvas than on paper, I think; don't you, Mr Saunders? Calm sea—a moon up in the air—a wreck showing black against the white reflection under the planet—a haughty young lady'—here he softened his voice—'inclining her head to the fore-hatch with her hand to her ear.—A first-class idea, Emmett. Seize it, or it may occur to another man.'

Miss Temple was speaking again, but the rude imbecile jabber of the journalist prevented me from hearing her; and bestowing a sea-blessing on his head under my breath, I left the table and went on deck.

There was every promise of a dead calm anon. I went to the rail to view the wreck, and instantly made out on the other side of her the shining square of a sail—some ship on the rim of the horizon that had crawled into sight since six bells of the morning watch, and was now creeping down the smooth plain of sea with her yards braced somewhat forward, making a wind for herself out of what was scarce more than a cat-paw to us, who had the thin fanning nearly over the stern.

France came up from the breakfast table with a telescope in his hand and stood by my side.

'That ship down yonder grows,' he exclaimed, pointing the glass and speaking with his eye at it; 'there'll be more air stirring down there than here; but little enough anywhere presently, though I tell you what, Mr Dugdale: there's

drop enough in the mercury to inspire one with hope.'

He brought the telescope to bear upon the hull, and was silent for a few moments, whilst I waited impatiently for him to make an end, wanting to look too.

'I don't think I can be mistaken,' said he presently in a musing voice: 'look you, Mr Dugdale.'

'At what?' said I, as I took the glass from him.

'At the hull yonder.'

I put the telescope upon the rail and knelt to it. Points which were invisible to the naked sight were clear enough now. The wreck was that of a vessel of some two hundred and fifty tons. She sat very light or high upon the water, and it was a part of the copper that rose to her bends which had emitted the flash that caught my eye on the forecastle. Her foremast was standing, and her foreyard lay crossed upon it. Her bowsprit also forked out, but the jib-booms were gone. Lengths of her bulwark were smashed level to the deck; but gaunt as her mastless condition made her look, miserable as she showed in the mutilation of her sides, the beautiful shape of the hull stole out upon the sight through the deformities of her wrecked condition, as the fine shape of a woman expresses itself in defiance of the beggar's rags which may clothe her.

'By George, then, Mr Prance—why, yes, to be sure! I see what you mean,' I cried all on a sudden—'that must be our buccaneering friend of the other day!'

'Neither more nor less,' said he; 'an odd encounter certainly, considering what a big place the sea is. And yet I don't know: such a clipper will have sailed two feet to our one, though she exposed no more than her foresail. She'll have run as we did, and the light airs and baffling weather which followed will easily account for this meeting.'

'She is not yet the handful of charred staves you thought her, Mr Prance,' said I; 'they managed to get the fire under, anyway, though they had to abandon the brig in the end.—What is that fellow beyond her? She has the look of a man-of-war: a ship, I believe; yes, I think I can catch sight of the yards on the mizzen peeping past the sails on the main.'

All her canvas had risen, but nothing of her hull, saving the black film of her bulwark hovering upon the horizon with an icy gleam betwixt it and the sea-line, as though there was no more of her than that. When the others came on deck there was no little excitement amongst them on learning that the hull was neither more nor less than the veritable wreck of the brig whose presence had filled us with alarm and misery a few days before. Glasses of all sorts were brought to bear upon her, and by this time it was to be ascertained without doubt that she was absolutely deserted; 'unless,' I heard Mr Emmett say to Mr Prance, 'her people should be lying concealed within, hoping to coax us to visit her by an appearance of being deserted, when, of course, they would cut us off, and plunder our remains—I mean, those who would be fools enough to board her out of curiosity.'

'Likely as not,' Mr Prance answered with a

sour smile. 'I would advise you not to attempt to inspect her.'

'Not I,' answered the painter; and the chief officer turned abruptly from him to smother a laugh.

It was not long, however, before the delicate miracle of distant canvas shining past the hull upon the calm blue like some spire of alabaster was recognised as a man-of-war.

'An Englishman, do you think, Captain Keeling?' asked Colonel Bannister.

'Oh, God bless my heart, yes, sir,' answered the skipper.

'Now, how do you know, capting?' cried Mrs Hudson.

'By my instincts as a Briton, ma'am,' he answered; 'patriotism so enlarges the nostril that a man can taste with his nose whenever anything of his country's about in the air.'

'To think of it now!' exclaimed Mrs Hudson. 'I'm sorry the robbers have left that wreck. I should like the pirates to have been caught by that man-of-war and hung up.'

The hour of noon had been 'made,' as it is called at sea, and it was then a dead calm, with the clear chimes of eight bells ringing through a wonderful stillness on high, so faint was the undulation in the water, so soft the stir in the canvas to the gentle swaying of the tall spars. The wreck of the brig lay about two miles distant off the starboard beam, and by this hour the corvette, as she now proved to be, with the crimson cross fluttering at her peak, had floated to within a mile and a half or thereabouts on the other side of the hull; and thus the three of us lay.

I went down on the quarter-deck to smoke a pipe, and whilst I lay over the bulwark rail watching the man-of-war, my eye was taken by a somewhat curious appearance in the line of the ocean away down in the south-west quarter. It was a sensible depression in the edge of the sea, as though you viewed it through defective window-glass. It was an atmospheric effect, and an odd one. The circle went round with the clearness of the side of a lens, save to that part, and there it looked as though some gigantic knife had pared a piece clean out—with this addition: that there was a curious sort of faintness as of mist where the sky joined the sea in the hollow of this queer dip. I ran my eye over the poop to see if others up there were noting this appearance, but I did not observe that it had won attention. For my part, I should have made nothing of it, accepting it as some trick of refraction, but for it somehow entering into my head to remember how the second mate of the ship I had made my first voyage in once told me of a sudden shift of weather that had taken his craft aback and wrecked her to her tops, and that it had been heralded, though there was no man to interpret the sign, by just such another horizontal depression as that upon which my eyes were now resting.

However, on dismounting from the bulwarks for a brief yarn with little Saunders, the matter went out of my mind and I thought no more of it.

Whilst we were at lunch, Mr Cocker came down the companion steps cap in hand and said something to the captain.



'All right, sir,' I heard old Keeling answer: 'it will be a visit of curiosity rather than of courtesy.—How far is the boat?'

'She's only just left the wreck, sir.'

'Very well, Mr Cocker.'

The second mate remounted the steps.

'The corvette,' exclaimed old Keeling, addressing us generally, 'has sent a boat to the wreck, presumably to overhaul and report upon her. The boat is now approaching us. I have little doubt that the corvette is homeward bound, in which case, ladies and gentlemen, you might be glad to send letters by her. There will be plenty of time. The calm, I fear, threatens to last.'

There was instantly a hurry amongst the passengers, most of whom rushed away from the table to write their letters.

I emptied my wine-glass and went on deck, and saw a man-of-war's boat approaching us; the bright ash oars rose and fell with exquisite precision, and the white water spat from the stem of the little craft as she was swept through it by the rowers, with a young fellow in the uniform of a naval lieutenant of that day steering her. She came flashing alongside; up rose the oars, the lively hearty in the bows hooked on, and the officer, lightly springing on to the rope ladder which had been dropped over the side for his convenience, gained the deck with a twist of his thumb that was meant as a salutation to the ship.

Old Keeling was now on the poop, and Mr Cocker conducted the lieutenant to him. I happened to be standing near, talking with Colledge and Mrs Radcliffe, Miss Temple not yet having returned with the letter which she had gone to her cabin to write. The skipper received the naval officer with a gracious bow.

'Our captain,' exclaimed the young fellow, in a gentlemanly easy way, 'instructed me to overhaul yonder wreck, and then come on to you to see if we can be of any service;' and I saw his eye rest with an expression of delight upon Miss Hudson, who rose through the companion at that instant and drew close to hear what passed.

'Sir,' cried old Keeling with another bow, 'I am obliged to your captain, sir. It is, sir, very considerate of him to send. My passengers are preparing letters, and we shall be very sensible of your goodness in receiving and transmitting them.'

'Pray, what ship is this, sir?' exclaimed the lieutenant, glancing about him with the curiosity of a stranger, and then taking another thirsty peep at the golden young lady.

'The *Countess Ida*, sir, of and from London for Bombay, so many days out.—And pray, what ship is that?'

'His Majesty's ship *Magicienne*.'

Colledge started. 'Beg pardon,' he exclaimed. 'Isn't Sir Edward Panton her commander?'

'He is,' answered the lieutenant.

'By George, my cousin!' cried Colledge; 'haven't seen him these seven years. How doocid odd, now, to fall in with him here!'

'Oh, indeed,' said the lieutenant, with a hint of respect in his manner that might have been wanting in it before. 'May I venture to ask your name?'

'Colledge.'

'Ah! of course; a son of my Lord Sandown. This will be news for Sir Edward.' He sent a look at the corvette, as though measuring the distance between the vessels.

'Sir,' here said old Keeling, 'I believe that luncheon is still upon the table. Let me conduct you below, sir. It will have been a mighty hot ride for you out upon those unsheltered waters.'

The lieutenant bowed, and followed the skipper to the companion. Colledge put his arm through mine and led me to the rail.

'I say, Dugdale,' he exclaimed, 'I should like to see my cousin. It would be rather a lark to visit his ship, wouldn't it? Not too far off, is she, d'ye think?' he added, cocking his eye at the vessel.

'Why, no; not on such a day as this.'

'Will you come if I go?'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

'Oh, that's downright jolly of you, by George. We'll go in my cousin's boat, and he'll send us back. I like the look of those men-of-wars-men. It makes one feel safe even to see them rowing.—Ah, there goes something to drink for the poor fellows. Upon my word, old Keeling buttons up a kind heart under that queer coat of his.'

'I presume,' said I, 'that the lieutenant will make no difficulty in consenting to carry us in his boat. I am ignorant of the rules which govern his service. Suppose you step below, and arrange with him? If he may not take us, Keeling will lend us a boat, I am sure.'

Down he went full of eagerness, his handsome face flushed with excitement. Mrs Radcliffe had joined two or three ladies, and stood with them asking questions of Mr Cocker about the corvette and the wreck. On glancing through the skylight presently, I saw the lieutenant picking a piece of cold fowl at the table with a bottle of champagne at his elbow. Old Keeling sat at his side, and opposite were Colledge and Miss Temple. The four of them were chatting briskly. I took a peep at the boat under the gangway. It was a treat to see the jolly English faces of the fellows, and to hear the tongue of the old home spoken over the side. A number of our seamen had perched themselves on the bulwarks and were calling questions to the men-of-wars-men whilst they watched them draining the glasses which the steward had sent down to them in a basket.

In about twenty minutes the lieutenant made his appearance upon deck, followed by Keeling and Miss Temple and Colledge, who came sliding up to me to say that it was all right: the lieutenant would convey us with pleasure and bring us back: and what did I think? Miss Temple was to be of our party.

'Humph!' said I; 'any other ladies?'

He made a grimace. 'No,' he responded in a whisper; 'the lieutenant suggested others; but I could twig in Miss Temple's face that if others went she would remain. You know there's not a woman on board that she cares about.—I rather want,' said he, returning to his former voice, 'to introduce her to my cousin. He will be seeing my father when he returns, and is pretty sure to talk,' said he, giving me a wink.

'Does Miss Temple know that you've invited me?'

'She does, Trojan.'

'And how did she receive the news?'

'With rapture,' he cried.

'A fig for such raptures! but I'll go, spite of her delight.'

By this time Miss Temple had made known her intentions to her aunt. I became aware of this circumstance by the old lady uttering a loud shriek.

'It is entirely out of the question; I forbid you to go,' she cried, with a face of agony on her.

'Nonsense!' answered Miss Temple: she and her aunt and old Keeling and the lieutenant were slowly coming towards the break of the poop, where Colledge and I waited whilst this altercation proceeded; so everything said was plainly to be heard by us. 'It is as calm as a river,' exclaimed the girl, sending one of her flashing looks at the sea.

'You may be drowned; you may never return. I will not permit it. What would your mother think?' cried poor Mrs Radcliffe vehemently, pecking away with her face, and clapping her hands to emphasise her words.

'Aunt, do not be ridiculous, I beg. I shall go. It will amuse me, and I am already very weary of the voyage. Only consider: at this rate of sailing we may be five or six months longer at sea. This is a little harmless, safe distraction. Now, *don't* be foolish, auntie.'

The old lady appealed to Captain Keeling. He was looking somewhat dubiously round the horizon when the lieutenant broke in; then Colledge indulged in a flourish, and though I can't trace the steps of it, nor recollect the talk, somehow or other a little later on the three of us were in the boat, a bag of letters on a thwart, the lieutenant picking up the yoke-lines as he seated himself, the bow-oar thrusting off, with a vision through the open rail of the poop of old Captain Keeling stiffly sawing the air with his arms, in some effort, as I took it, to console Mrs Radcliffe, who flourished a handkerchief to her face as though she wept.

#### GOLD IN NATURE.

FROM its feeble affinity for other substances, gold is almost always met with in what is called the 'native state'; that is, as gold itself, simply alloyed with a little silver or copper. Wherever this precious metal is met with in considerable quantities, it is always at the surface of the soil, strewed in sand or gravel, in the beds of rivers, or in the débris of quartz rocks. Such is the case, for instance, in California, Australia, British Columbia, &c. These deposits are known as 'alluvial formations'; they are the same in which are found also the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, and other precious stones. These alluvial formations are common enough; they occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and wherever they exist, gold has been or is to be found.

Formerly, the British Isles had their gold-fields, like other countries: In Lanarkshire, in Scotland, gold was discovered in the time of James IV., and for some time as many as three

hundred men were employed in mining for it. England was a rich gold country in the time of Queen Boadicea, and the fact was well known to the Romans. In the time of Henry VIII. some three hundred thousand pounds sterling were obtained from English gold mines. In fact, there can be little doubt that in early historic periods, the alluvial formations of Great Britain and Ireland were as plentiful as regards gold as those of Australia or California at the present day; and this British gold has disappeared as population has increased.

We find the same thing occurring in America and Australia: no sooner does the population become thick in a gold district, however rich, than the alluvial gold disappears. The precious metal is then only to be met with in the rock itself, generally in quartz which traverses clay schist—white quartz and green schist, like that of the Clyde district in Scotland and that of Nova Scotia—and the mining operations become more and more difficult as the work advances.

The remnants of the ancient gold-fields of Great Britain and Ireland are still manifest. We find traces of gold in the quartz 'gossan' of Cornwall, Wales, Peebles, Wicklow, &c. Generally, it is accompanied by silver, and often the silver yields a return when the gold will not. But instead of a miner being able to pick up twenty pounds' worth of gold a day, as has been done over and over again of late years in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, for instance, he gets down a ton of rock at a cost of some two pounds sterling, and finds that it yields, after stamping, nine pennyweights of gold, or, say, about twelve shillings' worth. This is the general rule; there may be here and there an exception, but such an exception is very rare, in fact quite a curiosity.

Although miners in Australia and California, &c., have met occasionally with gold nuggets of enormous size—for instance, the nugget weighing twenty-eight pounds found in North Carolina, and the mass of gold weighing upwards of one hundred and thirty-four pounds found once in South Australia—such specimens are only to be met with in newly-discovered gold districts, and even there are rarities. More generally, the precious metal lies in smaller nuggets, or *pepites*, often as scales, grains, or dust, which are collected by 'washing' and 'panning'—two simple processes, to which we will refer presently.

Before the discovery of gold in California, the Russian mines in the Ural Mountains were the most productive in the world. The Ural alluvial washings rarely yield less than one and a quarter ounce of gold to the ton of gravel, never more than two and a third ounces. The best Brazilian and other South American sands average about two and a half ounces of gold to the ton of sand. Several mines which yield much less than that are worked, but only with very small and precarious profits. Africa and Asia have also their gold-sands, and supply annually a large amount of gold-dust. In Europe, however, the surface-work has been done ages ago; and where gold is still to be found, it is only to be got by mining. Thus, at a place called Varospatok, in Transylvania, one of the richest gold districts in Europe, the mines have been worked ever since the time of the Romans.

To form some notion as to the profuse manner in which gold is distributed over the earth, and to be forewarned as regards speculation in mines where a small quantity of gold has come to light, we have only to consider that almost all the European rivers carry along a certain amount of gold-dust in their sands. Such are the Rhine, the Seine, the Reuss, the Aar, the Danube, and a number of others; besides the Clyde in Lanarkshire, and many other streams in Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall.

The quantity of the precious metal contained in these river-sands is, however, extremely small. One ton of sand from the bed of the Rhine yields only nine and a half grains of gold, or one-fiftieth part of an ounce. Yet, with this very minute quantity the bed of that part only of the Rhine which flows through what was formerly French territory was calculated by a friend of ours to contain no less than thirty-six thousand tons of pure gold.

Dr Phipson has called our attention to the curious fact, that when the sand of the river Seine, near Paris, is used for glass-making, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find here and there in the glass-house a crucible which is slightly gilt at the bottom. The *Quai des Orfèvres*, near the Louvre, used to be a noted gold-field: a class of men similar in many respects to the ragpickers of the present day were in the habit of purchasing *five francs'* worth of mercury; and after passing the sand of the river through it all day, they sold the mercury again in the evening for six or seven francs; thus making one or two francs a day by the gold of the river. This industry has, however, long ceased to exist.

More than half a century ago a curious experiment was made by M. Sage, a Professor of Chemistry in Paris. He burnt several of the vines which grow in luxuriance around the city; his specimens were collected near the banks of the river. From the ash of these plants he extracted enough gold to coin three napoleons. From this experiment, which made a considerable sensation at the time, it would appear that the gold of the sand finds its way in some unaccountable manner into the plants which grow on the banks of the river. It was rather an expensive experiment, as each of the gold pieces of the value of twenty francs thus produced cost the Professor over one hundred and twenty francs.

The modes adopted for extracting gold are 'washing,' 'panning,' 'amalgamation,' and 'cupellation.' The first two are based upon the specific gravity of the precious metal, which is very high. Therefore, when a stream of water is caused to flow over gravel containing gold-dust, scales, or nuggets, the gravel is carried away to a certain distance; whilst the gold, from its greater weight, falls to the bottom and collects nearer the source of the water. This method is practised in Africa and America by means of wooden troughs constructed specially for the purpose.

The operation called 'panning' is carried out by the miners in California, Australia, and British Columbia; it consists in taking a pan, like the lid of a saucepan, throwing the auriferous gravel and dirt into it, and washing the latter with water, allowing the muddy liquid to flow

over the sides of the pan; while the gold and heavy pebbles are retained by the rim. Among these pebbles, sapphires, rubies, garnets, &c., are sometimes met with. This operation when practised in some of the newly-discovered gold districts is said to be highly exciting.

'Amalgamation' is practised in many of the American, Austrian, Russian, and other mines. It is based on the property possessed by mercury (quicksilver) of dissolving gold. The rock is first reduced to as fine a powder as possible by appropriate stamping machinery and then treated with mercury. The latter is afterwards pressed through chamois leather, which retains the amalgam. This amalgam, a compound of gold and mercury, is distilled in earthenware or iron retorts; the solid gold is left behind in the retort, whilst the mercury distils over, and is collected for another operation.

'Cupellation' consists in fluxing the ore in crucibles along with oxide of lead or pure lead. The latter metal runs through the melted mass, and takes up all the gold, silver, copper, and other metals that may be present in the ore. The lead is then extracted from the crucible and submitted to what is called cupellation; that is, heated in contact with the air in porous vessels called cupels. By this process the lead, the copper, the antimony, and other metals—but not the gold and silver—which may be present are oxidised; the melted oxides penetrate into the pores of the cupel, and are now and then blown off from the surface of the molten mass. Finally, a button of silver, containing all the gold, remains alone on the cupel. This operation must be seen to be properly understood. The gold and silver are separated by nitric acid, which dissolves the latter and leaves the pure gold behind.

Not unfrequently, gold is present in minute quantities in iron pyrites or mundic, in copper pyrites, blende, galena, and other minerals, which often contain also a little silver. When this is the case, both the precious metals may oftentimes be extracted with profit.

In conclusion, we should observe that when minerals of any kind contain gold in appreciable quantity their specific gravity is found to be above the ordinary figure. Thus, for instance, quartz has a specific gravity of 2.60; that is, its weight is about two and a half times that of its own bulk of water. But when quartz contains a notable amount of gold, its specific gravity rises to 3, 4, 5, and even more, according to the amount of precious metal present.

Within the present century, several enormously rich 'gold-fields' or gold districts have been discovered. First came that of California, where the surface-gold is said to be already exhausted in great measure, and mineral lodes are now mined there for the precious metal, just as we mine for copper or tin in England. Then came the discovery of gold in Australia, followed by that in New Zealand, which latter country has been known to export as much as thirty thousand ounces of gold in a single week. Afterwards came the discoveries in British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, South Africa, &c. Sooner or later, the surface-gold of all these localities will be exhausted, as is that of Great Britain; but there are, doubtless, still many large tracts upon

the surface of the globe where gold abounds. Who knows what treasures may await us in the alluvial formations of the interior of Australia?

### MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WELL, Miss Grey, you *are* going to have a scorcher,' said Mr Green as he greeted me one summer morning.

I would gladly have doubted his word, for it was Christmas Day, and, moreover, my wedding day as well; but early as it was, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky—'shining with all his might;' and though he had browned the grass, and baked the earth, and pumped up every drop of water long ago, leaving nothing but hot stones in the creek beds, he set to work as earnestly as if he had just taken a contract to dry up the deluge and wanted to get done in time.

'Ah, well,' I said, trying to make the best of it—'ah, well, blessed is the bride the sun shines on, you know.'

I left the shady veranda, and went across to the wool-shed to give a finishing touch to the wedding breakfast, already laid there on a long table improvised for the occasion. Only the decorating part was left to me; and as I arranged such greenery and flowers as I had, the old saw kept running in my head: 'Blessed is the bride the sun shines on.' Surely the omen is true this once, for was there ever such a splendid fellow as Jack, or such a lucky girl as I? I changed my opinion of old saws before the day was over; but there, that's telling.

Then I thought of my past life, and wondered if I was the same Mary Grey who, two years—yes, only two years ago, had been all alone in the world. I remembered my timid, scared feeling at being among strangers when I came as governess to this up-country run. How queer the life had seemed at first, and how home-like it seemed now. It was hard to realise that I could ever be afraid of Mrs Green, who was like a loving mother to me. I soon got to like my work too; and then—yes, then came Jack, and had things been ever so bad, life would have seemed *couleur de rose* to me.

So I was dreaming over my work on that hot Christmas morning thirty years ago, when I was disturbed by Minnie Green. 'Oh Miss Grey,' she said, 'Mr Rushton has come, and Mr Stanley' [Dick Stanley was to be Jack's best-man], 'and Mr Bruce, and'—with emphasis—'the parson! Such a funny little man, Miss Grey, with yellow hair, and a pink face like a baby's, and white hands.—Do parsons always have pink faces and white hands?'

I never had an opportunity of answering this question, for just then Jack appeared, and Minnie

having gone to have another look at the cleric English complexion and white hands which had so impressed her, we fell into a conversation, interesting enough to ourselves, but of no concern to outsiders, till we were interrupted by Mrs Green.

'Well, upon my word,' she said, 'what on earth can you two have to talk about?—Come, Mary; it is time for you to think of dressing. You can't have anything very particular to say to Jack here; and if you have, there is all the rest of your life to say it in.' With which profound remark she sent Jack to the dining-room, where a picnic sort of first breakfast was going on; and taking me to my room she brought me a cup of tea, and told me to rest a little, for I had a thirty-mile ride before me.

Now, though my dress was simple in the extreme, and I could have put it on myself in five minutes, being a bride I must be dressed. Mrs Green and Minnie, who was to be my bridesmaid, undertook this office, and hindered me sadly. My dress was plain white muslin, simply made, and I had not intended wearing a veil; but Mrs Green said that as they seldom saw a wedding, and she did not suppose I would be married again in a hurry, I might as well do the thing in style while I was about it; so, to please her, I shrouded myself in a length of plain tulle that covered me almost from head to foot, and really the effect was rather good.

At last I was dressed; but somehow we managed to be late, and it was a quarter of an hour behind time when I went across to the wool-shed on Mr Green's arm; while Biddy held an umbrella over my head, and Mrs Green followed sticking in utterly unnecessary pins to the very last moment. Every one was waiting; and the shed, decorated with such greenery as was available, looked quite festive. At one end stood the breakfast table with the cake, home-made, but imposing, a towering monument to Mrs Green's housewifely skill. By a small table stood the clergyman in his surplice, looking a trifle out of place; while round about were ranged all available seats from chairs to milking-stools and slab benches with stick legs. They were all occupied, for, as I have already said, a wedding was not an every-day occurrence, and people had turned out in full force.

We advanced with all possible decorum, and the ceremony proceeded as usual till the ring had been put on and the blessing given, when some one, breathless and dusty, dashed in at the door and cried: 'Fire! Bush-fire! Close here!' Instantly most of the forms were upset, and there was a rush for the door.

'Hi! Stop a minute,' cried Jack as he collared his two friends and dragged them back; 'we will get this over now.'

The clergyman hesitated, then skipping a good deal, he began the exhortation in which wives



get so much good advice and husbands so little.

'Oh, never mind all that,' cried Jack, stamping with impatience; 'we will have the "amazement" and all the rest of it some other time. —What have we to sign? Be quick!'

Jack's friends made the poor clergyman show where we had to sign; and we all did it in a desperate hurry, the two witnesses scrawling something when their turn came and bolting at once. Jack just took me in his arms and gave me a hurried kiss. 'Good-bye, dear little wife,' he whispered—'good-bye;' and he was gone, leaving the clergyman and me alone together.

He—the clergyman—was a young man just out from Home. He had a clear complexion, and fair hair parted down the middle, and was altogether the mildest-looking little man imaginable; his little round face just now displaying the blankest possible astonishment. 'Ye husbands—loveth himself—ye wives—subject—plaiting of hair and wearing of gold—amazement,' he muttered incoherently, looking from me, standing alone in my white veil and dress, to the deserted and upturned forms, and the cake towering in solemn grandeur at the end of the room. I believe he manfully intended to do his duty, if no one else did, and finish that ceremony to the bitter end; but to read that exhortation at one poor woman left all alone would have been, to say the least of it, personal; so he gave it up and shook hands, as is the practice of clergymen.

'I—I wish you every happiness, Mrs Rushton,' he stammered; then, remembering that I had just been unceremoniously deserted by my bridegroom, and not being sure whether such was the custom of the country or not, he muttered something about 'sympathy;' and then, gathering his wits together with a violent effort, he burst out like Mr Winkle: 'Where are they? What is the meaning of this most indecorous behaviour?'

I did not answer, but ran to the door to look out.

'What does this mean?' he repeated, following me.

'Can't you see? Can't you smell?' I answered impatiently. 'It is a bush-fire.'

The head station was built in a valley at the foot of a range of hills that formed a sort of semicircle behind it. They were thickly wooded with 'stringy bark,' and covered with fern and grass-trees, and from among them there now rose, through air already quivering with heat, a column of thick white smoke, that floated upwards in billowy clouds. The fire was near—that one could tell by the smell of burning gun-leaves; and though it could not have been burning long, it promised to be a large fire, and a fierce one, for, as we watched, puffs of reddish-brown rose before the white smoke, showing that the flames were getting stronger.

The first set of men had disappeared over the ridge already; but Jack and his friends were only half-way up, and had stopped to cut boughs from some young saplings. They looked back, and I snatched off my veil and waved it to Jack; they returned the salute with a flourish of their branches, and then resumed their climb; while I

twisted that unfortunate veil into a turban and went to the house with the bewildered parson.

We found Mr Green giving orders for the boughs with which the veranda posts were decorated in honour of Christmas to be pulled down and all inflammable things to be put away.

'Will the fire come here?' asked the Rev. Augustus Smith anxiously.

'Not if we can help it,' said Mr Green; 'but it will be hard work stopping it on a day like this, and it is well to be ready.'

'If the fire don't come, the sparks will,' said Biddy, whose experience of bush-fires was extensive; 'and them branches is just the things to ketch.'

'Yes; get them down at once,' said Mr Green, and he hurried off, calling back to his wife: 'Send up some tea to the men as soon as you can.'

I went to my room to change my dress, and there on the bed was my habit laid out for my homeward ride with Jack. 'Dear me! how differently the day was turning out from what we expected,' I thought. If it had not been for that fire, I would have been putting on my habit instead of this print morning-dress. No. On second thoughts, I decided things had happened so fast that, supposing the ceremony to have been finished properly, we would just have sat down to breakfast, and I would be cutting the cake; instead of which I went to the kitchen and cut large hunks of bread with cheese to match.

It really was a disappointing wedding day. What was the good of getting married only to lose sight of my bridegroom at once, and have to work away as if nothing had happened? And Jack, poor fellow, what a day he must be having, hard at work in the heat and dust and smoke. I felt half inclined to give in and have a real good cry; but laughed instead, for through the window I saw the Rev. Augustus working hard under Biddy's directions, taking down and carrying away the decorations put up with so much care an hour or so before.

Mrs Green and I set to work at once on woman's work in time of fire—boiling kettles and getting tea and provisions ready for the men—no light task in this instance, for there were thirty or forty men, and no other station near enough to share in the providing. When the first batch was ready it was taken up the hill by two of the men's wives.

Mr Smith and I next busied ourselves in taking out and filling all the tubs in the establishment, and in them bags and branches to be used in beating, should the fire come near the house.

We paused, Mr Smith and I, when we had done all we could, and gazing upwards, wondered what it must feel like to be before that awful fire. Even where we were, the air quivered and danced with the heat and smoke, and the baked earth almost hurt our feet. What must it be up there? we wondered. The wind had strengthened, driving the smoke across the sky; and the sunlight coming through it, shed a lurid yellow glare on all around. Behind the hill the smoke rose thicker, faster, and darker, and the deep sullen roar of the fire could be heard. As we watched, a figure appeared on the top of the hill,

then another and another, till quite a dozen were in sight. I could just make out Mr Green with Jack and his friends beside him. They seemed to be consulting about something. More men kept coming up by twos and threes, dragging or carrying scorched branches; some flung themselves down in the nearest shade with the characteristic impulse of old hands at bush-fires to take a rest when they could get it. The rest stood or lolled in groups, evidently waiting for orders. At last the council of war on the hill-top came to an end: Mr Green pointed along the ridge and shook hands with Jack, who with ten or a dozen men started off in the direction indicated.

We had not noticed—or, at least, I had not, for of course I had eyes for no one else while Jack was in sight—that all this time the two women had been scrambling down the hill, accompanied by a man, who turned off to the stables, while the women came down to the house, whither we followed.

'Mr Green says will you give Jackson tea and tucker for ten men; Mr Rushton is going over to the big range,' Mrs Brown, one of the women, was saying as we came in.

We all fell to work at once. Mr Smith cut beef and sliced plum-pudding; while Mrs Green and I made substantial sandwiches; Biddy hurried up the kettles; and Mrs Brown and Mrs Jones packed things up as soon as they were ready. As we worked, we asked brief questions, and got them answered still more briefly, with most aggravating interruptions at interesting points.

'Is it a big fire?'

'Yes.'

'Where were they when you got up?'

'Just coming off the steep range. They had stopped the fire all along; but it got into the stringy bark and came along over their heads.—Are these the bags, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run. It got behind Mr Rushton and a lot of 'em.—Where do you keep the clean towels?'

Imagine my feelings when at this point she dived head first into a cupboard and became deaf to questions. I can see it now, that country kitchen, fresh whitewashed in honour of Christmas, with a bunch of gum-boughs hung from the ceiling by way of a fly-catcher. A good-sized room, with a roughly flagged floor, just now intolerably hot, for we had a roaring fire in the large fireplace, on which two large kettles and a fountain were singing and spluttering. The window-panes were hot to the touch; plates taken from the shelves were ready warmed, and the butter was a clear transparent oil. It certainly was warm work.

At the end of the long table stood Mr Smith, just now with knife and fork suspended, as he gazed at Mrs Brown, who was now intent on sorting towels.

'But—but, Mrs Brown'—he gasped.

'What's that?' she said, emerging from the cupboard.

'How *did* they escape?'

'Oh, they come through it, of course.—Here's a towel to wrap that pudding in.'

I suppose, if I had had time to think of it, I would have been wretched about Jack's danger. I was anxious as it was; but we were all so busy that I had no time to fret; besides, I knew he was safe. If he had been killed or badly

hurt, nothing would have hindered Mrs Brown from telling me every detail.

I suppose we all looked hot; but poor Mr Smith was the picture of misery, as he stood in his hot black clothes slicing beef in a temperature considerably above a hundred degrees.

'Why don't you take off your coat?' said Biddy, noticing his distress.

Poor little man; I believe he blushed furiously, but can't be sure, for it was a simple impossibility for his face to get any redder than it already was.

'Do, Mr Smith,' said Mrs Green. 'I wouldn't work in a hot thing like that for anything; besides, it's real good cloth, and it's sure to get spoilt.—Here, Biddy; take Mr Smith's coat, and hang it up somewhere out of the way.'

'Look sharp, sir,' said Biddy, holding out her hand; 'I've no time to lose.'

So he had to give it up. And I think that after a while he was glad, though just at first he looked hotter and more uncomfortable than ever.

When we had packed up the provisions and seen Jackson start, we all went into the back veranda and looked up at the hill. The fire was nearer now, and the smoke was thicker; ashes and bits of burnt fern and gum-leaves were falling all around; the sun shone hotter, and the parched air seemed to scorch one's face. On the hill-top the men were cutting down branches, and evidently getting ready for a struggle.

'They are going to burn a track,' said Mrs Brown. 'I expect they'd like their tucker now; they won't have time to eat when the fire comes.'

'Where is it now?' I asked.

'About half a mile off; but it won't take long to come,' said Mrs Brown.

'But,' said Mr Smith, looking puzzled, 'why don't they extinguish it farther off?'

'Because they can't,' said Mrs Brown. 'It's in a grass-tree gully. If they were fools enough to try to stand against it, they would be shrivelled up like so much brown paper.' And she went into the kitchen, where Mrs Green and Biddy were already preparing more tea and provisions.

All this time I had been longing to hear more about Jack; but every one had been too busy to answer questions; now I tried again.

'What?' said Mrs Brown. 'Oh, Mr Rushton? He's not hurt: not that I know on at least. Some one got his arm burnt, but I don't think it was him'—in an aggravatingly doubtful tone.—'Mrs Jones here saw it all; I only saw them afterwards. They *did* look like sweeps, and no mistake.'

'I didn't see much,' said Mrs Jones modestly; 'I only see half-a-dozen men beating like mad; and all at once the fire got into the trees and come along over their heads; and they never took no notice till the sparks and things had lighted the fern behind them.—Where's the sugar, Mrs Green?—Yes; they had to run for it, they did! But it was all so smoky you couldn't make out which was which. The fern was blazing, and the burning bark was coming down like rain. If it had been up-hill they had to go, not down, they wouldn't have got away, no, not one of 'em.—Oh no!—Mr Rushton isn't

hurt; he's got his eyebrows singed and lost the ends off his moustaches, that's all.—My husband has lost half his beard, and got a hole the size of your two hands in the back of his waistcoat.

### THE NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

It has frequently been remarked, with a good deal of truth, that the 'soldier lives in the past of his regiment;' and there is no doubt that much of the conversation round the camp-fire or in the guardroom refers to traditions of the 'Service'—to events which, being unrecorded, would otherwise long have been forgotten. In this way the sometimes curious nicknames attached to many regiments have been preserved from oblivion. Some of these sobriquets have crept into a place in the official titles of the corps concerned; others, again, are hardly known except among soldiers, to whom, it is not going too far to say, not a few regiments are more familiar by their nicknames than their new 'territorial' names. In the present paper it may be as well to adhere to the old regimental numbers; for such designations as, for example, The Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders make large demands on space.

We have above noted that some nicknames have become portions of the authorised titles of regiments. Such are the Buffs, the Blues, the Greys. Everybody has heard of the Buffs. But the 3d Foot have enjoyed other and less widely known sobriquets. During the Peninsular War they were first the 'Nutcrackers,' and afterwards the 'Resurrectionists.' The latter arose from their skill in discovering and unearthing concealed treasure. Originally, the 3d had scarlet coats, faced and lined with buff, together with buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. Hence the name. In 1702, another regiment, the 31st, was raised and similarly clothed. Soon afterwards, the new corps displayed extraordinary valour in some action; so a general rode up and cried: 'Well done, old Buffs!' A few of the men replied: 'We are not the Buffs, sir.'—Then well done, *young* Buffs,' said the general; and ever since we have had both 'Buffs' and 'Young Buffs.' The 22d Foot, again, once acquired the nickname 'Red Knights' from having been served out with complete suits of scarlet; but they are better known as the 'Two Twos.' In like manner the 44th are the 'Two Fours,' and the 77th the 'Two Sevens' or the 'Pot Hooks.'

Peculiarities of uniform have been a prolific source of nicknames. The Rifle Brigade, for instance, from their sombre costume are the 'Sweeps;' and on account of the very dark tartan invented for them, the Highlanders of what is now the 42d Regiment were originally called *Am Freiceadan Dubh*, or the 'Black Watch.' The 35th Foot, from their facings, are the 'Orange Lilies;' the 53d are for a similar reason the 'Brickbats;' and the 56th are the 'Pompadoours'—their facings being of Madame's chosen hue. Having sky-blue facings, the 97th are dubbed the 'Celestials;' while the 5th and 7th Dragoon Guards are respectively the 'Green' and 'Black' Horse. In addition, the latter regiment is the 'Virgin Mary's Bodyguard,' and also the 'Straw-

boots.' They received the first of these names from having served under Maria Theresa of Austria; the other was gained during the suppression of agricultural riots in the south of England. From their uniform when raised the old 70th were known as the 'Glasgow Greys;' and the old 90th had the amusing name of 'Sir Thomas Graham's Perthshire Greybreeks,' for obvious reasons.

Some nicknames are very suggestive, if not always flattering. Of this sort are the 'Rib-breakers,' 'Piccadilly Butchers,' or the 'Slashers.' The 'Rib-breakers' are the 3d Battalion Grenadier Guards, who obtained this sobriquet from the combat at the Sandbag battery at Inkermann—a struggle which has been immortalised by Mr Kinglake. For some years at the beginning of the century the Life Guards were familiar as the 'Piccadilly Butchers.' On the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett in Piccadilly, a conflict took place between the troopers and the mob; and from the execution done by the former the nickname arose. In 1788, the Household Cavalry were remodelled and re-officered. The old school of officers boasted of their 'blue blood,' and sneered at their successors as 'cheese-mongers.' From this circumstance the regiments acquired the cognomen of the 'Cheeses,' which adhered to them till the period of the affair in Piccadilly. During the American War, the 28th Foot obtained the well-known nickname of the 'Slashers.' An old story accounts for this term as follows: A Canada merchant refused to provide the women and children of the regiment with quarters. This happened in winter, and several persons died in consequence from exposure. Some of the officers of the 28th, however, resolved to exact vengeance; they donned the garb of 'red men,' and bursting in on the merchant while he was at dinner 'slashed' off one of his ears. In America, too, the 62d got the name of the 'Springers' from their rapid pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Trois Rivières. And in some similar manner, no doubt, the 12th Lancers became the 'Supple Twelfth.' With the object of following up Nana Sahib, very small and light men were enlisted for the 20th Hussars, who still retain the nickname of the 'Dumplings;' while the 39th Foot, having once acted in India as mounted infantry, are 'Sankey's Horse'—the then colonel's name being Sankey. The regiment immediately preceding this, the 38th, used to be known by the curious name 'Pump and Tortoise,' on account of their great sobriety, and equally remarkable slowness, when once stationed at Malta.

Having been detained for a long time in Scotland by the general indicated, the 3d Hussars were called 'Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards;' and the 14th Foot once had three battalions under a Colonel Calvert—hence 'Calvert's Entire.' The 87th used to rush to the charge with the old Irish war-cry, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh,' and they are therefore the 'Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys;' while the 33d, whose recruiting sergeants carried an oaten cake on the point of their swords, were appropriately dubbed the 'Havercake Lads.' Having earned distinction in many campaigns, the 5th Fusiliers are the 'Old Bold Fifth;' the 68th are the 'Faithful Durhams;' the old 94th were the 'Garvies;' the 58th are the 'Steelbacks,' from

some forgotten circumstance; and, from their initials, the 51st King's Own Light Infantry call themselves the 'Kolies.'

But there are many further nicknames of a similar kind. The 11th Foot, from the terrible slaughter they sustained at Salamanca, are the 'Bloody Eleventh.' At Albuera, the 57th earned the name of the 'Die Hards;' while the 101st are the 'Old Dirty Shirts,' or sometimes 'Lord Lake's Dirty Shirts,' acquired during hard service in India. The 103d are the 'Old Toughs,' also gained in India; and the 'Holy Boys' was the nickname applied to the 9th Foot during the Peninsular War, when they are said to have sold Bibles and sacked monasteries. A famous regiment, the 50th, is the 'Fighting Fiftieth,' the 'Blind Half-Hundredth,' and the 'Dirty Half-Hundredth.' The latter two titles arose the one from ophthalmia in Egypt, and the other from the men having once removed the perspiration from their faces with their cuffs. As they always maintain a regimental goat, the 23d are the 'Royal Goats,' or the 'Nanny Goats;' and the 63d, from some forgotten incident, are the 'Bloodsuckers.' The Royal Engineers and Marines, again, are the 'Mud Larks' and the 'Jollies;' the Medical Staff Corps are the 'Linseed Lancers;' while the Military Train (now extinct) had the complimentary sobriquet of the 'Murdering Thieves.' For a reason which requires no explanation, the 6th Carabiniers are known as 'Tichborne's Own;' while the 11th Hussars are familiar to every one as the 'Cherry Pickers,' in consequence of some of their men having been captured by the French while robbing an orchard in Spain. In Spain, too, the 13th Hussars gained the nickname 'Ragged Brigade' from having fallen into a somewhat tattered condition in the course of hard service. And from their antiquity, the oldest of all our regiments, the 1st Foot, are 'Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.'

We have not yet, however, exhausted the list of regimental nicknames; for another batch of corps derive sobriquets from their time-honoured badges or mottoes. Thus, the 17th Lancers are the 'Death or Glory Men,' their badge being a death's head, with the words, 'or glory.' This famous regiment was once called the 'Horse Marines,' two of its troops having acted as marines on board the *Hermione* in the West Indies. Subsequently, from the colonel's name and the very smart uniform, the 17th were known for a time as 'Lord Bingham's Dandies.' By way of a badge the 2d Foot have a 'Paschal lamb.' They were on very active duty during the Bloody Assizes under General Kirke, hence 'Kirke's Lambs.' But the 2d are also the 'Sleepy Queen's,' having, at Almeida, allowed General Brennier to escape. The 17th Foot, again, from their badge, are the 'Bengal Tigers;' and the 78th, by translation of their Gaelic motto, consider themselves the 'King's Own Men.' From the Roman numerals XL, the 40th are well known as the 'Excellers;' while the 30th are the 'Three Xs' (XXX).

Before concluding, we may notice two regiments alluded to at the beginning of this paper—the 'Greys' and the 'Blues.' When raised in 1681, the men of the 2d Dragoons wore gray uniforms; and about 1702 they were mounted on white horses. From one or both of these circumstances the name 'Greys' originated—the title 'Scotch'

or 'Scots Greys' soon came into semi-official use. Popularly called the 'Oxford Blues,' the Royal Horse Guards were raised after the Restoration by Aubrey, Earl of Oxford. Their uniform, so far as colour is concerned, was the same as at the present day; and the term 'Oxford' is merely a curious survival of the period when almost all regiments received the names of their commanding officers.

### THE REFORMED BURGLAR.

My name is Louisa Law, and I am the wife—I am afraid that, to be quite truthful, I ought to say the plain and middle-aged wife—of a hard-working general practitioner in one of the suburbs of London. We have a large family, who at the commencement of my story were still very young, though now most of them are making their own way in the world. It is needless to add that we have never at any period of our career been overburdened with money, although we are now in comfortable circumstances, owing chiefly to the fortunate intervention of a reformed burglar. I will tell the story.

One day I was walking down a quiet thoroughfare near Oxford Street on my return from a shopping expedition, when a respectable-looking man, dressed like a mechanic, suddenly stooped just in front of me and lifted—or appeared to lift—something from the pavement. 'Might this be your property, ma'am?' he civilly asked, as he held out a purse towards me. 'Have you lost your purse?'

Following a custom of very doubtful wisdom, I was at that moment carrying mine in my hand. Taken off my guard, I involuntarily held it out, to show that it was perfectly safe, without reflecting whether or not it was advisable to do so. 'Oh no; the purse does not belong to me. I have mine here all right, as you see.'

Before I could divine his intention, before I could even cry out, much less follow him, he snatched my property from my careless hold, and darted like the wind up a narrow court which just there opened into the street; and I was left alone to lament my folly.

The loss was irremediable, for the man was quite out of sight, and no policeman was visible in the quiet street. I felt deeply vexed, for not only had there been much more money in it than a poor doctor's wife could well afford to lose, but also the purse itself was a very good one, nearly new, which for additional security I had had stamped on the flap inside with my name and address, so that if I chanced to lose it among honest people, I might thereby recover it again. I made my way to the nearest police station to lay a complaint, but the authorities were not very sanguine that any good would result from the inquiries they promised to make. The whole thing was intensely annoying, the more so that with my purse I had lost all the bills for my day's shopping, together with other useful memoranda, and my railway return ticket; and not having a penny in my pocket to buy



another, I had to go to the expense of a cab all the way home, which made the adventure indeed a costly one.

I was writing some letters in the dining-room next morning, when my housemaid entered, bearing a gentleman's card, with the intimation that a visitor awaited me in the drawing-room. The name given was 'Mr T. Gerard,' with an address in Fenchurch Street.

'But I know nobody of that name,' I said dubiously. 'Are you sure it is not a mistake?'

'Oh no, ma'am; he asked for Mrs Law. And he's quite the gentleman, ma'am, or I shouldn't have shown him into the drawing-room.'

Jane's ideas of a gentleman hardly corresponded with mine; but certainly the dark-haired, well-dressed young man who presented himself to my gaze on entering must be described as eminently respectable in appearance; and accordingly I asked him to be seated. He wasted no time, but plunged at once into business. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small parcel, which he handed to me, asking if it was mine. I was agreeably surprised to behold my lost purse, empty, indeed, but for the papers it contained, but otherwise uninjured.

'It is mine. Where did you find it?'

'I am a clerk in the City, madam, employed, as you see, in Fenchurch Street; and happening to be in — Place yesterday afternoon on business for the firm, I picked up this purse—it is needless to say quite empty—at the entrance of a small back street which communicates, I believe, with Oxford Street.'

'The turning is near an upholsterer's shop?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Then that is the very court up which the man escaped. He must have thrown the purse away as he ran.' And in great indignation I related my story.

Mr Gerard was shocked and grieved to think that such an outrage could be possible in a civilised capital; and heartily wished that he had been at hand to arrest the thief in his flight. He asked if I thought I should recognise the man again, to which I replied that I believed so; and then, as delicately as I could, I began to hint that I really could not think of troubling him to come so far out of his way only to restore my purse. But he was up in arms at the mere suggestion of any reward.

The only thing I could do to show my gratitude was to ring for cake and wine and press them upon him; repeating my thanks many times as we parted, mutually pleased.

'Well, at anyrate it's a comfort to think that there are some honest people in the world,' I reflected as I returned to the dining-room.

I related the incident to my husband when he returned from his rounds; but instead of being pleased, he rather unsympathetically remarked that it was odd the young man had nothing better to do with his time than waste it in restoring my purse, and that he pitied the firm in Fenchurch Street. Somehow, men never will see these things as women do; they are always so hard to please and so suspicious!

Next day, the truth came to light. Jane sought me out with a very pale face to inform me that some of the drawing-room ornaments were missing. In accordance with the rather

senseless custom of the day, my tables and what-nots were crowded with a miscellaneous collection of small articles, many of them valuable. My smooth-spoken young friend had utilised his spare moments well, while Jane departed in search of me. A pair of silver column-candlesticks, a silver snuff-box, a very costly *Aui* of Battersea enamel with gold fittings, and a tortoise-shell paper-knife with a silver handle, had disappeared—no doubt for ever. I had been proud of my knick-knacks, which were more valuable than perhaps befitted the establishment of a poor doctor; but they had cost us little, being either heirlooms or wedding presents.

I sat down and cried, of course; while my husband in terse language expressed his opinion of humbugging clerks. We both scolded Jane for admitting him into the drawing-room, although his respectable appearance had also taken me in; but nothing could bring back our lost property. John gave information to the police, who promised to inquire among the pawnbrokers; but not a vestige of the stolen property was ever forthcoming. Perhaps what annoyed me even more than the serious loss was to think how civil I had been to the depredator, pressing cake and wine upon him when all the time my property was snugly stowed away in his pockets! How he must have laughed in his sleeve at my simplicity!

The effect of my strictures upon Jane was to make her ever after very chary of admitting any stranger to the drawing-room, actually on one occasion leaving the clergyman of the parish, who was the son of a bishop and the possessor of an honoured historical name, standing forlornly on the hall mat, while she came to inform my husband that 'there was a person in the hall who wished to see him!' In short, the annoyance produced by that unlucky purse was almost endless; and for years it was a sore subject in our house, until lapse of time caused it to be forgotten.

Some years afterwards I went down to Brighton to pay a visit to a wealthy old aunt of mine, Miss Symes, who had resided there for a long time. She was between seventy and eighty, but still active and strong, her mental faculties being also in full vigour. A distant cousin of mine, Fanny Gresham, lived with her, for the sake of companionship; but her duties were light, for Miss Symes was an old lady of a proud and independent spirit, who disliked being waited upon, and still insisted on transacting all her own business. She was strict in her religious observances, and among the most constant visitors to her house was the vicar of the church she attended.

The first day after my arrival had been chosen by my aunt to hold a drawing-room meeting in advocacy of a mission which was doing much good in the slums of London, and the founder and conductor of which, Mr David Bryant, was to make an appeal in person. The vicar, Mr Stephens, was one of the first to arrive with his wife and daughters; and in a short time my aunt's spacious drawing-room was full of people, chiefly elderly.

Doubtless many of my readers have attended similar gatherings, so that there is no need to give a detailed account of the proceedings. Mr Bryant, who was formally introduced to the

assemblage by the vicar, was a tall, good-looking, dark-haired man of about forty, dressed in black, with a white tie, which gave him quite a clerical appearance, although he was only a layman. He proceeded to make a long statement of the work and results of the mission, which appeared to be achieving a great deal of good, although until that moment I had never heard of it. It was very odd, but a fancy seized me, before I had listened to Mr Bryant very long, that I had surely seen him somewhere before, though I could not remember where. I listened rather abstractedly, being puzzled over this, while one person and another rose to make a few remarks; and last of all, a salver was handed round for donations.

It was a very good collection, so much so that I felt quite ashamed of my modest half-crown, as I looked at the show of bank-notes and sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Some of the old ladies were in tears over Mr Bryant's touching account of his experiences as a missionary in the slums. Then tea and coffee were handed round, and after that the company dispersed, except the vicar and Mr Bryant, who remained to spend the evening with my aunt.

My conviction that I must have seen Mr Bryant before became deeper and deeper as the minutes sped on; so at last I asked him boldly whether we had not previously met.

The missionary turned his bright dark eyes upon me with a smile, saying that it was not impossible, although he retained no recollection of the circumstance. He had never visited that part of London in which my home was situated, and many years of his life had been spent abroad; but I might perhaps have seen him on the platform of Exeter Hall or some similar place.

He was evidently in high favour with my aunt, who unbent towards him more than I ever saw her do to any stranger before. But I noticed that Fanny sat by with a disapproving expression on her face.

I followed my cousin into her room for a confidential talk before going to bed that night, being curious to ascertain what I could from her respecting my aunt's new friend. 'Who is this Mr Bryant, Fanny?' I asked, as I took a seat.

'Odious man! Don't mention him, Louisa; I detest him too much!'

'Why, what harm has he done you?'

'Harm! He has come here and inveigled himself into aunt's good graces, getting a lot of money out of her on one pretence and another, and making her believe he's a saint and a hero, when he's nothing of the sort! He almost lives in this house now, and from morning till night we hear nothing but his praises.'

'I thought his mission was in London. How comes it that he is here at Brighton?'

'He gives out that he was ordered down here for rest and change of air. He came first about three months ago, and managed to scrape acquaintance with Mr Stephens, who took an immense fancy to him, and introduced him to aunt. And now, as I told you, he is always coming here; and aunt is so besotted with him, that unless something is done soon, I really believe she will let him coax her out of half her fortune. I hope I'm not more greedy than other people; but you and I are the only relations she has in the world,

Louisa, and I confess I do grudge every sixpence she bestows on that fellow, after always leading us to expect that we should inherit her money.'

'I can see you don't believe in him.'

'Not a bit! I'm convinced he's nothing better than an impostor, and his mission and all his other schemes are only dodges to get money out of people. For instance, there was that large collection this afternoon; thank goodness, I only gave sixpence, for who is to know that he doesn't keep all the money himself?'

'Does he not furnish accounts?'

'Oh yes; he professes to give you a balance-sheet; but it would be easy to have anything he liked printed, just to satisfy people. No one could tell whether it was correct or not.—Didn't you say you fancied you had seen him before?'

'Yes; but, unfortunately, I can't recollect where.'

'Well, you won't repeat what I have said to aunt, will you? She won't hear a word against him. But I'm sure she'll live to repent it, if she doesn't take warning in time.'

I had never seen Fanny so disturbed, and I could not wonder at it, for a very few days' residence under my aunt's roof convinced me of the serious nature of the case. My aunt had always been in the habit of taking strong likes and dislikes; and it needed a great deal to shake her faith in any person who had once succeeded in gaining her confidence. Mr Bryant was clever enough to perceive this, and by humouring her peculiarities, easily contrived to secure her favour. I soon heartily joined Fanny in her detestation of the missionary, believing him, as she did, to be a hypocrite and time-server, who fawned upon my aunt for the sake of her wealth, and advanced his own interests under the cloak of religion. In the meantime, I endeavoured to persuade my aunt to be more cautious; but in vain.

'Did you really know nothing about Mr Bryant, aunt, before he came here?' I ventured to ask one day.

'He has told me his history, Louisa, and that is sufficient.'

'But you have only his own account of himself—have you?'

'What does that matter, when I know him to be a man of honour? But I suppose you'll be calling him a swindler next, as Fanny did the other day.'

'I must say, aunt, that I do think it would be better to be on your guard in dealing with a total stranger.'

'Well, really, the way you young people—I was fifty, by-the-bye—take upon yourselves to lecture your elders nowadays is something astonishing! Surely, Louisa, a woman of my years might be trusted to exercise discretion! Do you suppose I should allow a plausible impostor to take me in? Mr Bryant is what he professes to be, beyond a doubt.'

I was afraid to say any more, although I was really very uneasy; for almost insensibly the stranger had succeeded in gaining such an ascendancy in my aunt's house that he would have been very difficult to dislodge.

But I must confess that my aunt's infatuation was after all not greater than that of Mr Stephens. The vicar took Mr Bryant with him

everywhere, introducing him to his brother clergymen, and trumpeting his praises far and wide. Like my aunt, he would not listen to a word against him, for a great show of piety sufficed for Mr Stephens.

'I do believe it will end in the man inducing aunt to make her will in his favour!' fretted Fanny, on the last morning but one of my stay.

'But I thought aunt's will was made?'

'Yes; but she may alter it any day. I may as well tell you that neither you nor I am in very good odour with her at present, Louisa. That man does his best to poison her mind against us in a quiet way. I should not be at all surprised if she leaves him nearly everything.'

'She could never be so unjust.'

'Well, he is quite capable of forging a will, if it comes to that. She has foolishly told him so much about her affairs that it would be easy for him to do it.—Oh dear, how it rains! Don't you wish we hadn't to turn out to this horrid old meeting to-night?'

'Indeed, I do.'

We were going to hear an address given by an individual known as 'The Reformed Burglar.' From a career of crime, he had been suddenly brought to repentance; and now spent his time going lecturing about the country in aid of the temperance cause and public morality generally.

Mr Stephens had secured his services at his parish schoolroom, and we all, including my aunt, made our way there. The hall was very full, but places had been kept for us; and when the lecturer, John Wood, made his appearance on the platform accompanied by the vicar, there was great applause. The hero of the evening was a small, rather slightly built man of about forty-five, clean shaven, and neatly dressed in black—not a bit like the popular idea of the members of Mr William Sikes's profession.

'Where's Mr Bryant? I don't see him on the platform,' whispered my aunt to Mrs Stephens, who was seated on her left.

'Is it not unfortunate? He was very anxious to be here; but at the last moment he sent a note to William saying that he had such a terrible face-ache that he dare not venture out.'

Then the lecturer rising, briefly announced himself as a man who had been in prison at different times for upwards of seventeen years, and stolen from first to last several thousand pounds' worth of property, none of which had benefited him in the least. In a simple graphic manner he went on to describe the incidents of his career, pointing out how from a slight theft committed in a drunken freak he had gone on to crimes of greater magnitude; and earnestly exhorting his hearers never to yield to the smallest temptation, for no one could say what the consequences might be to himself or to others.

'Because, you see, one sin always leads to more—often leads other people to do wrong as well,' he continued impressively. 'Now, for instance, once when I was very hard up and not long out of prison, I thought I'd try a little street robbery for a change. So I tried an old trick on with a lady, pretending I'd just picked up a purse, and wanting to know if it was hers. "No," she says;

"I've got mine all safe here in my hand"—showing it to me. With that I snatched it from her, and cut up a court close by. Now that was bad enough; but unfortunately the lady's name and address were printed inside the purse, and that put a pal of mine, who saw me throw it away empty, up to dressin' himself up very respectable the next day, and going to the lady's house to take the purse home, when he helped himself to some silver candlesticks and other things, and the poor lady thankin' him all the time. He hadn't been a reg'lar dishonest sort of chap before, that pal o' mine—at least, I can't say that I'd known him ever actually steal anything; but after that he went from bad to worse, and was soon in prison.'

I heard little more, but sat as if in a dream. If this man had not just related to me the story of my own stolen purse, my ears must have deceived me. Every detail tallied exactly, and it was evident that he was speaking the truth.

Greatly to the astonishment of my aunt and Fanny, I insisted on remaining after the audience had dispersed; and when the hall had been cleared of all but ourselves and the vicar, I went up to John Wood, who had been detained at my request, and looking him steadily in the face, announced myself as the person he confessed to having robbed. He did not dispute my assertion, but readily gave the date and the name of the street; adding, 'Now that you've found me, ma'am, you can of course prosecute me if you choose. It was strange that you should be among the audience to-night; but I've frequently used your case as an illustration of crime leading to crime, though, as you see, I've no formal plan for my lecture, but just say whatever comes into my head.'

'No,' I said after a minute's reflection; 'I won't prosecute you, for I believe that you are now trying to lead an honest life and do good. It is against your "pal," as you call him, that I feel the most resentment; for I must blame my own carelessness in carrying my purse in my hand when you robbed me; but he had no possible excuse for coming to rob me in my own house. What was his name?'

'Owen, ma'am; or Wilson, he used to call himself. "Shiny Jim" was another name he had. He was that artful that he was very difficult to catch; and he was mixed up in a lot of robberies after that. But I haven't seen him now for a long time.'

'I wish you could find him for me,' I answered vindictively.

'If I see him I'll let you know, ma'am; for I consider it my duty now to protect honest people when I can, though at one time I'd have died rather than betray a comrade.'

As I could see that my aunt was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour, I was obliged to cut short the interview; and went home with the others, filled with amazement at the curious manner in which I had discovered the man who robbed me of my purse after all this lapse of time. I could not cherish vindictive feelings against him, for I felt convinced his penitence was genuine; so I transferred all my hatred to Shiny Jim.

I was sitting in my aunt's parlour with Fanny the next morning, when about eleven o'clock the

maid came to the door to say that there was a man in the hall who wished to speak to Mrs Law. I went out, and found John Wood, with a small portmanteau in his hand. He pulled his hair awkwardly, and began: 'I took the liberty of coming here on my way to the station, ma'am, to say that I forgot last night that I was bound to make restitution to you for what I stole; and as the money for the lecture covers it, as near as I can remember, here it is, ma'am; and many thanks for your goodness in declining to prosecute, and I hope you'll forgive me for all the annoyance I caused.' And he put into my hand a sum which I ascertained to be a full equivalent for my loss.

I was beginning to say that I hardly liked to take all his last night's earnings, when a pompous double-knock at the front door announced a visitor; and Jane threw it open to admit Mr Bryant, whose face-ache had evidently abated sufficiently to allow him to come as he had promised to transact some business for my aunt.

John Wood looked up quickly, and stood for an instant as if paralysed; then suddenly caught him in a frenzied grasp, ejaculating 'Shiny Jim!' In an instant my aunt's quiet hall had become the scene of a conflict, as the new-comer vainly tried to shake off his assailant. My aunt and Fanny came rushing out, while I secured the front door and despatched Mary in search of a policeman. Mr Bryant at first attempted to deny his identity; but John Wood was so positive that he had to desist, and fall back upon bad language. It must indeed have been irritating to him, after he had purposely avoided going to the lecture for fear lest his old companion might recognise him, to stumble thus unexpectedly upon him in Miss Syme's hall. My aunt was horrified at witnessing the harsh treatment of her favourite; but I would listen to no appeals for mercy, and resolutely barred the door. When a policeman at last arrived, I formally charged the captive with being a rogue and impostor, feeling quite sure, after what John Wood had said, that his pretended mission would turn out to be a fraud.

So, indeed, it did; and with the help of the Reformed Burglar, we were enabled to prove sufficient against him to procure him a long term of penal servitude. The police recognised him as an old and artful offender; and although he rented two rooms in a miserable street in White-chapel, to which he had directed his letters to be addressed, the charitable work carried on there was so little as to solve the question of the destination of the large subscriptions he had raised. Indeed, inconvenient inquiries had already been made about him in London, which was the reason of his coming to Brighton for 'change of air.'

My aunt was too proud to acknowledge all she had lost through her misplaced confidence in a swindler, but we knew the amount to be considerable. He had obtained goods on credit from the Brighton tradespeople in her name, besides appropriating to his own use cheques which she had entrusted to him for other purposes, and loose cash whenever he could. Her large donations to his mission were of course entirely lost, and ever after the name of Bryant was a sore subject with her and Mr Stephens.

My aunt died a few months ago, when Fanny and I divided the property between us. But it appeared we had narrowly escaped losing all save a mere pittance, for my aunt's solicitor, who had known us both from childhood, confided to us that his deceased client at one time seriously contemplated leaving a large amount to Mr Bryant, whose plausible tongue had completely conquered her prudence. She believed that in so doing she would be helping a most deserving charity, as she supposed her protégé to be entirely devoted to the work of his mission. She had actually given Mr Senior instructions to that effect, after a tiff with Fanny; and but for the fortunate advent of the Reformed Burglar upon the scene, I who write this would not now be enjoying, for the first time in my life, the delicious sensation of freedom from pecuniary care.

### SWEETBRIER LANE.

DEAREST of all are the sweet spring flowers  
That come with the sun and rain.  
I was stirred to the depths of my soul to-day  
By the sight of the primrose again.  
It was held in the grasp of a childish hand,  
And its odours, subtle and sweet,  
Were borne on the wings of the gentle wind  
Through the city's unlovely street;  
And in thought I was treading the turf again  
In Sweetbrier Lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,  
Swept down from the green hillside,  
And rustled the myriad leaves of the trees  
That o'ershadow the footpath wide—  
The path that leads to the pasture-gate,  
Where the cattle stand sleek and strong,  
Where the thrush whistles a low sweet note,  
And the thrush pipes loud and long;  
And my light heart echoed the glad refrain  
In Sweetbrier Lane.

The sunbeams chased the shadows along,  
Like merry elves at play;  
And, decked with flowers, the children trooped—  
Dear living sunbeams they!  
They flutter and dance and laugh and shout,  
They revel the long day through,  
With never a thought of the storms that hide  
The sun and the sky so blue.  
How different life from the city strain  
In Sweetbrier Lane!

Dear Sweetbrier Lane, so far away!  
'Tis only in dreams I see  
The wondrous beauty that Spring so loves  
To lavish abroad on thee.  
I sigh as I dream of this boyhood's haunt—  
Of the changes that Time hath wrought;  
Of the innocence sweet so rudely effaced  
By knowledge so dearly bought;  
And my song of joy hath a sad refrain,  
Dear Sweetbrier Lane!

CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

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